

# Puck

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THE SENTIMENTAL CRANK STILL PURSUES HER.



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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

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**CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.**

**CONCERNING  
A WAY  
OF OURS.**

THIS is a charitable world, and yet a world of simple-minded cynicism. Several months ago a noted financier died—one of those selfish men of stunted sympathies who never get in touch with the world. The world affected to be greatly surprised that a man whose business methods had been so unscrupulous should not have been a drunkard and a wife-beater. That was cynicism. When it was fully made clear that he did not maltreat his family, the people seized upon that poor, lonesome little virtue and allowed it almost to blind them to his moral deficiencies. His failure to starve his children, in view of his general character and the many opportunities his vast wealth afforded him, was considered an exhibition of self-restraint indicating true nobility. It did not occur to them that the millions of men who earn two dollars a day and who combine several other virtues with that of a love for their families, deserve any special praise.

Another example of this queer tendency is to be found in the case of Governor McKinley. This man since 1888 has been busily acquiring a reputation for dishonesty. In that year one hundred thousand more than half the voters of the country voted for a presidential candidate who had declared himself in favor of reducing excessive tariff rates. That was an expensive campaign for the Republican party because, to overcome this popular plurality, it had to buy "blocks of five" in Indiana, and blocks of any size it could get in New York. Success left it as bankrupt of cash as it was of morality—which was very, very bankrupt indeed. Money had to be raised. Mr. McKinley evolved a scheme for mulcting the people at large for the benefit of certain producers and manufacturers who could be relied upon to help maintain Republican supremacy. Party expenses were paid out of the public purse by granting immunity from competition to those who would pay party toll. Small wonder, then, that Mr. McKinley was regarded by the masses as a dishonest man. The purchasing power of their hard-earned dollar had been impaired. They had to work harder or to be content with less.

Lately Governor McKinley suffered a great financial calamity. It was reasonable to expect that the author of the McKinley Bill would resort to every subterfuge to evade a debt the payment of which would leave him penniless. He surprised the world, however. He met the blow in a manly, honest way, a way so utterly at variance with his manipulation of the tariff that it shines out as did the private virtues of the dead millionaire. The world was loud in its praise of his honesty. This does not

mean that honesty is rare or on the wane. It simply means that the world makes more of a virtue when its surroundings throw it into prominence. The majority of men would have acted as Governor McKinley did, and their honesty would have been taken as a matter of course. Governor McKinley deserves all the praise which any man deserves for acting honestly; but it is his peculiar position before the people that has made this particular display of honesty so impressive.

**CONCERNING  
POPULAR  
SYMPATHY.**

Since Carlyle W. Harris was convicted of the murder of his wife, New York has had a very distressing exhibition of the working of popular sympathy. If Harris had brained his wife with an ax in a fit of anger, the public would have regarded him with loathing and let him alone. But his crime was devoid of brutality and sufficiently fiendish to be interesting. So ingenious was his plot that there was but one chance in four that suspicion would fall upon him. Twelve men listened to the evidence for and against him. Competent lawyers secured for him all the privileges which our generous laws grant to accused persons. The jury found him guilty and its verdict was affirmed by the Supreme Court of the State of New York. The Court of Appeals reviewed the evidence upon which he was convicted and concurred in a decision that not only did every circumstance point to his guilt, but that, taken together, they precluded any other conclusion. Popular sympathy then rose up and said: "I don't know much about the case, except what little I've read in the papers, and judging from that, I don't believe he's guilty. I guess the Governor ought to pardon him." That is the irresponsible sort of thing that popular sympathy is when it is perverted by a newspaper which persists in making a martyr of a murderer. This paper creates and fosters a morbid interest in the murderer's personality. It recounts the daily routine of his prison life; its artists draw him in characteristic attitudes; it tells what he eats, how he likes it, how many cigarettes he smokes each day, and his manner of dress; it descants upon his taste in literature, and prints verses which he writes. It gives the impression that he is the victim of malevolent persecution, and throws about him an alluring glamour of romance. Is it any wonder that popular sympathy is so corrupted that it forgets the parents of the girl who was coolly murdered by this man because she inconvenienced him? Is it surprising that popular sympathy should picture him a martyr rather than what the highest Court of the State has found him to be: a libertine, who boasted of his power over women and wielded it mercilessly; a cold-blooded murderer who did not flinch from killing a girl when he was through with her; a man thoroughly depraved, who has exhibited no sign of humanity save selfishness?

Sensational journalism impairs popular respect for the law; it stultifies justice. But it will have other crimes to answer for in its treatment of this inhuman being. It would be an interesting study, if it could be made, to follow out the murders of which it must be the inspiration. There are, at this moment, a certain number of women who are going to be murdered, whose deaths will be more or less directly due to the treatment which Carlyle W. Harris has received from certain New York papers. The publishers of those papers will be as guilty as the men who shall commit the crimes. There will be two other accessories before the fact: popular sympathy will be one; the other will be the man who gives his support to such a paper.

**IN GOOD TIME.**

Latest advices from the English Horticultural College are to the effect that a determined effort is afoot to introduce women head gardeners into England. Head-gardening is just what is much needed in England at this season. If the inside of the head is attended to as it should be, Mrs. Stannard's Anti-Crinoline League will not need the aid of Queen Victoria to float it.



**COULD N'T BE DONE.**

"Can't you let me in to see this show free to-night? I'll pay you to-morrow."  
"No, sir; we can't. This is n't any loan exhibition."

**REMARKABLE ENDURANCE.**

"Ours is a wonderful nation," said Beamson at the City Club. "Just think of its being able to live through the sessions of fifty-two congresses!"

**EXPLAINED.**

"I wonder why the Prohibition party has n't availed itself of Mugwump support?"  
"Easy to explain. The Prohibitionists do not believe in working the growler."

IT is a pity that the Anglomaniacs and Anglophobists can't be turned loose on each other, so as to rid the country of a couple of nuisances.



**THE SUPPLY CUT OFF.**

STRANGER (in country newspaper office).—What's the news?  
OFFICE BOY.—There ain't any—the editor's sick.



THE SUBURBAN VERSION OF IT.



GOING!

A SPECIAL GIFT.

IDA ASHCAT.—I'm just crazy over Palette's pictures.

CONNY SEUR.—I don't know what you see in them; I think they are execrable.

IDA ASHCAT.—But he does pick out the sweetest names for them.

THE WAY TO DO IT.

MRS. FADD.—Did you know that Mrs. Askin has started out as a dress reformer?

MRS. FADD.—She'll never make her gowns fashionable.

MRS. FADD.—Oh, yes; she will! She's going to charge twice as much for them as the old kind cost.

MONEY TALKS; but if it speaks the truth, it must plead guilty to a good many crimes.

SOME SAY her eyes are stars;—  
With that I can't agree;  
For I watch them ever, and  
They never wink at me!



ASKING FOR INFORMATION.

MRS. RIVERSIDE RIVES.—Mr. Longlocks is here, Miss Westend. You must let me introduce him.

MISS WESTEND.—With pleasure. What's his specialty, football or piano?

MODERN ADVERTISING.

MR. BLAKE.—Maria, what on earth have you been doing with the morning paper? There is absolutely nothing left of it but the death notices!

MRS. BLAKE.—Simply cutting out the free coupons, my dear. I've got lots of nice ones this morning; one 's for a free ticket to Alaska; and I'm going right downtown, because it must be presented before twelve o'clock.

ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

HAHFBROKE.—Cheer up, old fel'. There's hope for us yet. Listen to this advertisement: "Wanted, young man of average intelligence—"

DEDBROKE.—There it goes again! Hampered at every turn!

NOT IN HIS LINE.

AD. VYSE.—Don't work for another man all your life. Strike out for yourself!

WRIGHT FIELD.—That would n't do in my profession.

AD. VYSE.—Why would n't it?

WRIGHT FIELD.—I'm a base-ball player.



NEGATIVE RELATIONSHIP.

MISS BUDD.—Have you any sisters?

JACK HOODOO.—No; but I have the refusal of several.

THE NEW YORK police are fond of saying "Get thee behind me, Satan!" They want him to work where they can't see.



GOING!!



GONE!!!

SIMPLE AS A B C.

EASTERN MAN.—Is there any way for a stranger to make money in this section?

WESTERNER.—Yes, siree! See that lot over there? That's mine. Just buy it.

EASTERN MAN.—Hum! How am I to make money on that?

WESTERNER.—Sell it to some other stranger.

YOU CAN PROVE almost anything by statistics, except the truth of the figures.

THE TIME THAT most men waste in explaining their failures would, if properly employed, put them on their feet again.

"ONE GOOD turn deserves another," said the comedian, as he came on after the song-and-dance soubrette had gained three encores.

IT IS said that the professors at Palo Alto enjoyed the privilege of naming their salaries. If so, they must be a happy faculty.



FRENCH TALES RETOLD  
WITH A UNITED STATES TWIST.\*

### UNCLE ATTICUS.

Retold from the French of M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT  
by H. C. BUNNER.

OCCASIONALLY, in the quarter of an hour that comes just before the third meal of the day, and that the liberal-minded sometimes punctuate with a cocktail, the home-seeking toilers of a busy little provincial city in a New England State were treated to a strange and puzzling spectacle.

Along the crowded main thoroughfare of the town a man of imposing mien would stalk, apparently in busy haste. He wore a black broadcloth coat with long flapping lapels; a waistcoat that was sometimes white and always rumpled; a seldom renewed white tie was hidden by his spreading grayish beard which lay all over his broad breast and reached to his ample stomach. As this gentleman passed the door of a certain liquor saloon in his hurried and preoccupied advance, the swinging portals slowly opened and another gentleman appeared in the doorway, a large man, also, and with a white waistcoat, but there all the resemblance ended. This man's waistcoat was immaculately clean, and the rest of his attire was that of a prosperous business man who patronizes a good tailor. This gentleman had closely trimmed mutton-chop whiskers, a red nose and an expression, naturally jovial, which changed to that of an infuriated cherub, as he shook a fat, dumpy fist at the back of the fast-disappearing man with a beard, and cursed him in language of the strongest opprobrium. Then behind this person would appear a third, a slim young man, very correctly and quietly dressed, a man with a small moustache and a cold and cynical eye, who gently lured the elder man back into the barroom with sage and soothing whispers. And if, as he terminated this peculiar scene by coaxing the stout gentleman back within the swinging doors, a quiet smile lit up the faces of the passers-by, and was somewhat coldly reflected in his own, both he and they felt that the nephew of Uncle Atticus could well afford that smile.

This sight was no mystery to the town's people. The unconscious object of the mutton-chop-whiskered man's wrath was the Rev. Mr. Seedley Studder, an evangelical missionary to the heathen, of great popularity and prominence in his own sect, temporarily on collection duty in Wakeham. The man with the whiskers was Mr. Q. P. Atticus Jarbey, the millionaire manufacturer of shovels, who was called a good fellow by his friends, and a scoffer by the church-going population. The third was his only nephew and his chosen boon-companion, Theodore.

Mr. Jarbey, or Uncle Atticus, as the whole town called him, was rather more than a mere scoffer. He was a man with an anti-religious mania. He hated all creeds and all confessions, and, curiously enough, he hated the various religions in the ratio of the popularity and simplicity of their observances. That is to say, while he held all religious sects to be enemies of those principles of pure reason and mature-judgement in the choice of spirituous liquor by which he sought to guide his own mortal existence, he could respect as open foes such as declared their hostility by uniforms and other outward signs; whereas those who wore the livery of the world, yet concealed a pious creed within their breast, he regarded as hypocritical counterfeiters of honest worldliness.

"When a man puts on a red night-gown," said Mr. Jarbey, oratorically, "and goes sashaying up and down in front of a painted statto, why, you know what to expect of him. But when a man like that nigger-hunting parson there can grow a beard such as he's got, and raise a belly such as he's got, why, I expect to find a man like that coming out with the boys and taking his tod sociable and friendly and with no cussed nonsense about it. And when I find that he ain't—when I find that he's concealing the principles of religion under an exterior like that—why, I want to pulverize him. I'll eat my hat if I don't!" And Mr. Jarbey pounded savagely on the bar. "What's that? Oh, yes; same again, Charles. See what these gentlemen'll have."

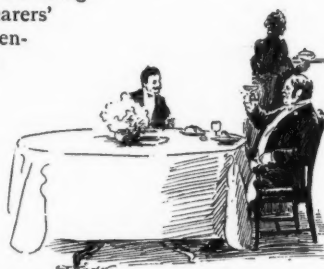


Being a wealthy bachelor retired from business, Mr. Jarbey had of course to have something to interest him in life, and his two chief joys were anti-clerical demonstrations and reckless indulgence in spasmodic bursts of gluttony. He drank all the time; but so steady, regular, and well-established was the habit with him, that his system seemed to have accustomed itself to it, all except his nose—which day by day took on a more genial glow. It was in his consumption of food that he went on regular sprees, filling himself with rich and highly spiced edibles, and eating himself, so to speak, to a standstill. Then a terrible attack of indigestion and dyspepsia would reduce him to a physical wreck, frighten him into observing a brief period of temperance; leaving him, after a little, to resume a way of life that was certainly not characteristic of a consistent rationalist. To head off these gluttonous outbursts, or to mitigate in some measure the direful consequences of them, was Nephew Theodore's principal walk in life, although he also went through the form of keeping up a not very exacting law practice. As a lawyer, Theodore Jarbey may have been of small account, but as a guardian, comrade and promoter of moderation, the cool-blooded and well-instructed youth performed his duties with the unflagging zeal of an assured inheritor who can well afford to bide his time.

Theodore was more than suspected of fostering his Uncle's irreligious tendencies, in order to keep the elder man's mind occupied; and when the Daughters of Temperance, the Society for Religious Advancement and the Light-Bearers' League held their united six-days' convention in Wakeham, Theodore did not lose the opportunity to stir up Mr. Jarbey's wrath against the flood of proselyting females that swept down upon the town.

Now it may not seem to most people that there is anything to excite great rage in the sight of a couple of thousand enthusiastic ladies bustling about, with no worse purpose in view than to hold meetings, sing hymns, denounce the Demon Drink, and save the lost souls of their fellow-mortals. But there are bigots who call themselves rationalists as well as bigots who call themselves Christians, and the generally good-natured soul of Mr. Jarbey fairly sizzled within him, when he saw the streets of the town invaded by these daughters of righteousness—and certainly they were not quite so attractive to look at as some of their more worldly sisters. Perhaps it was the badges that irritated Mr. Jarbey; for it must be confessed that silk and celluloid badges are irritating to some dispositions. Perhaps it was the dresses, the best of which were, as Theodore remarked, pretty quisby. Whatever it was, it so worked on Mr. Jarbey's spirit that he felt he had to take some steps to counteract the evil influence. Warfare upon the women themselves being out of the question, Mr. Jarbey resolved on holding Rev. Mr. Studder responsible for what he called "the whole caboodle;" and challenging him to any sort of public combat he might elect, from a street-fight to a rifle-duel. It was with difficulty made clear to Mr. Jarbey that this plan was not feasible, and he sulked for two days. At the end of this time he announced to Theodore and the rest of his companions at McGinty's gilded bar that he'd "got an act that would do 'em." Against the half-hearted remonstrances of his friends, and the only too sincere and fervent protestations of his nephew, Mr. Jarbey proceeded to carry his plan into effect.

It was on Saturday night, the night of the "Great Double Memorial Meeting in Remembrance of the Martyred Missionaries of the Sandwich Islands and Seringapatam" that at half-past five in the afternoon the first installment of the Daughters of Temperance went into Fitts's Restaurant to get their supper. Mr. Fitts had the only restaurant and ice-cream saloon of any size or standing in Wakeham, and it was not a very spacious establishment, being the ordinary long, narrow room of that sort of little-city restaurant which affects tables covered with marbled enamel-cloth, and clock-work wooden fans which swing slowly and uselessly around, while the flies sit on them and record their impressions. At the back, a few steps led up to a private room where Mr. Fitts could, and did, on certain occasions, entertain his wealthier guests with suppers, where he served oysters and terrapin and canvas-back duck that had undoubtedly stopped in New York on their way up from Maryland. Mr. Fitts had taken the contract for feeding several hundreds of the feminine army; and the limited resources of his place obliged him to take them in installments, fifty or so at a time, snatching those hurried, motley meals that women love—tomato-soup, a cup of chocolate, ice-cream and chatter being the usual formula. The first delegation that entered, on this evening consecrated to mourning remembrance, came in and sat down, all talking at once. They stopped suddenly in their agreeable conversation, and a hush of horror came upon the assemblage, as they heard roars of masculine merriment issuing from the back-room, saw two perspiring waiters staggering in with a tub of ice stuck thick with champagne bottles, and then, looking up, saw Uncle Atticus Jarbey leading six other godless but convivial sinners in a bacchanalian orgie that bade fair to be, as he had promised to make it, "the highest old time anybody ever had in the town of Wakeham."







## TRUST.

IN THE corner of Barclay Street  
And Washington, way downtown,  
In a whirling, wind-blown sleet  
Was the wild rain beating down.

And a wanderer bent and gray,  
Though drenched to his utmost rag,  
Bought some oranges by the way  
Which he took in a paper bag.

R. K. M.

## CONVINCED.

MRS. BROWN.—I got tired of waiting for you to put down the carpet,  
so I did it myself.

BROWN.—Let me see your thumb.

## HE KNEW.

"Women have no minds," said lordly Jack,  
"Whatever the world may say;"  
"I am sure they have," growled Arthur back,  
"And they change them every day."



## A SUGGESTION.

JANITOR.—You know, Mr. Nupop, that we do not  
allow children in this building!

NUPOP.—But, my dear sir, the baby was born here  
only yesterday. What can I do?

JANITOR.—I don't know, unless you send him right  
off to boarding school.

## CRINOLINE.

The Sioux women are going to war whoops.

In the Congo Republic the belles have already begun to  
wear crinoline. The next dress reform will be the introduction  
of gowns.

All lands have crinoline. The parallels are the hoops. The  
meridians are the longitudinal 'stripes. And the earth is the old  
girl that wears them.

## HIS TRADE.

JUDGE.—What's your occupation?

PRISONER.—Pre-occupation, your Honor; I'm out of a job!

IT is related of Forrest that he carried his sense of the dramatic pro-  
prieties so far that, whenever he acted in Julius Cæsar, he always  
insisted on having his name printed on the programme in Roman type.



## OTHER PROFESSIONALS AHEAD OF THEM.

FIRST BURGLAR.—What, back so soon, Bill!—what  
did you get?

SECOND BURGLAR.—Nothin'—we're too late—there  
's a receipted plumber's bill a-layin' on the table!

## NOT A WORKER.

INSPECTOR.—Did you come here under contract to work?

IMMIGRANT.—No, sor; I kim here to shtart a labor organization.

PERPLEXED is the "copper" never,  
From worry he e'er refrains;  
Because he only cudgels  
The other fellows' brains.



## SIMILAR TASTES.

THE FATHER (suddenly entering room).—Well, I like that!  
THE YOUNG MAN (unabashed).—So do I.

Uncle Atticus kept his promise. All that evening, a new installment of the fair children of righteousness continued to appear and got mixed up with the scattered and disorganized groups of earlier arrivals, a throng of excited and generally flustered women surged in and out of Fitts's restaurant, shrilly protesting against the outrage of being forced to witness such a scandal, and driving the head-waiter nearly frantic in his endeavors to explain to them that in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Fitts



— who had happened to go, that morning, to Siberia or South America, or some equally inaccessible place, for a day's fishing — he, the head-waiter, could do nothing except to serve both lines of custom according to orders. Some of the bolder spirits among the Daughters and Light-Bearers conceived a scheme for getting ahead of the mammon of unrighteousness by buying up Fitts's stock of champagne and pouring

it into the gutter. Uncle Atticus roared with delight when the news was brought to him, and sent for telegraph blanks to order champagne by special train from New York and Boston; while the more practical head-waiter privily sent out a boy to notify all the saloon-keepers in the neighborhood to put every drop of fizz they had on the ice without delay. They might have spared themselves their precautions, however. The first lady in the champagne-spilling syndicate seized a bottle by the neck and pounded it down on the curb-stone as though she was smashing in the head of the whole Rum-Power at one glorious blow. Then the waiter gave her a check for three dollars and fifty cents, and she fainted.

Fitts's front room had long been empty, save for drowsy waiters and hackmen, and the virtuous flock of temperance were all in bed and asleep, when Mr. Atticus Jarbey's "high time" came to an end by ignominiously prostrating Mr. Jarbey on the floor, helpless, agonized and gasping in a severe attack of indigestion. His nephew, and another member of the merry company, who had kept sober for that purpose, took the foe of religion home; and with great difficulty got him to bed, and left him lying there, inert, uncomfortable, frightened and wretched in body and mind. When they got outside the door, the other good Samaritan suggested the employment of a physician; but Theodore would not hear of it. His uncle, he knew, had hardly more liking for doctors than for divines; and moreover, he himself had secretly made inquiries of a specialist in dyspepsia, which satisfied him that his Uncle's attacks, though they certainly were disagreeable and annoying, were in nowise alarming in their nature. So the two parted and Theodore set out for his own home.

Something in the cool night air set the moderate quantity of champagne which he had drunk to working within his brain. Now that his immediate responsibility and care were at an end he could enjoy the ab-

surdity of the evening, and give himself up to the pleasant exhilaration of the sparkling wine.

It was this exhilaration that put an idea into his head — a wild idea for a brain which was usually an uncommonly cool and calculating organ of thought. He grinned sardonically as he turned that idea over in the brain. After a moment, he crossed the street and furiously rang the bell and madly pounded on the front door of the Rev. Mr. Seedley Studder, until that able missionary to the heathen made his appearance, looming gigantic in a yellow flannel dressing-gown.

"The Rev. Mr. Studder, I believe?" demanded Theodore, hurriedly.

"Yes, sir," replied the missionary, staring hard at his visitor. It was a strange face to him — which was not unnatural under the circumstances.

"You are the clergyman, — the missionary, — who came here some time ago from South America?"

"From South Africa," corrected Mr. Studder.

"Yes, certainly," Theodore assented, unabashed; "well, you're wanted right away across the road, five doors down, Mr. Atticus Jarbey. He's very sick and wants to see you at once."

"Mr. Atticus Jarbey?" repeated the clergyman, perplexed; "why, I thought, — I thought he was not —"

"Not religious? Well, he was n't, very much," replied Theodore, calmly, "but he's dying now; and I guess he's changed his mind. At any rate he wants you, the worst way, and you'd better go quick."

The Rev. Mr. Studder's face lit up and he rubbed his hands almost gleefully. "I'll be with you in a moment," he said.

"Not with *me*," Theodore returned, promptly; "I'm going for the doctor. You see, I'm of the other way of thinking, myself, governor. I don't believe I'd add any lustre to the occasion."

"Very well," said the clergyman, frowning sternly; "whom shall I say told me to come?"

"I guess you need n't mention my name, dominie," said his visitor, with a knowing wink. "Might complicate matters in the family. Call me a seraphic visitor, or a celestial messenger-boy or anything you want to. But man alive!" he concluded, in tones of astonished rebuke, "you want to hurry up, or you'll be too late." And he sped off down the street.

(To be concluded.)

This series of short tales was begun in No. 831 of PUCK.

#### A LOSING CONTRACT.



NEW CUSTOMER. — I want a good suit of clothes made from that material for my ten-year-old boy. How much will it be?  
TAILOR. — Ten years? Twenty dollars.

NEW CUSTOMER. — All right; I'll pay you now. Give me a receipted bill. I'll send the boy around this afternoon.



THE TEN-YEAR-OLD. — Pop sent me around to get measured for that suit he ordered; and he says he wants it done this week, as I've got to begin my engagement at the Dime Museum next Monday.





#### TOLL-GATE TACTICS.

GATEMAN. — Hi, there! Payin' fer two?  
JERE. Z. MANN. — No, sir; I'm coming back!

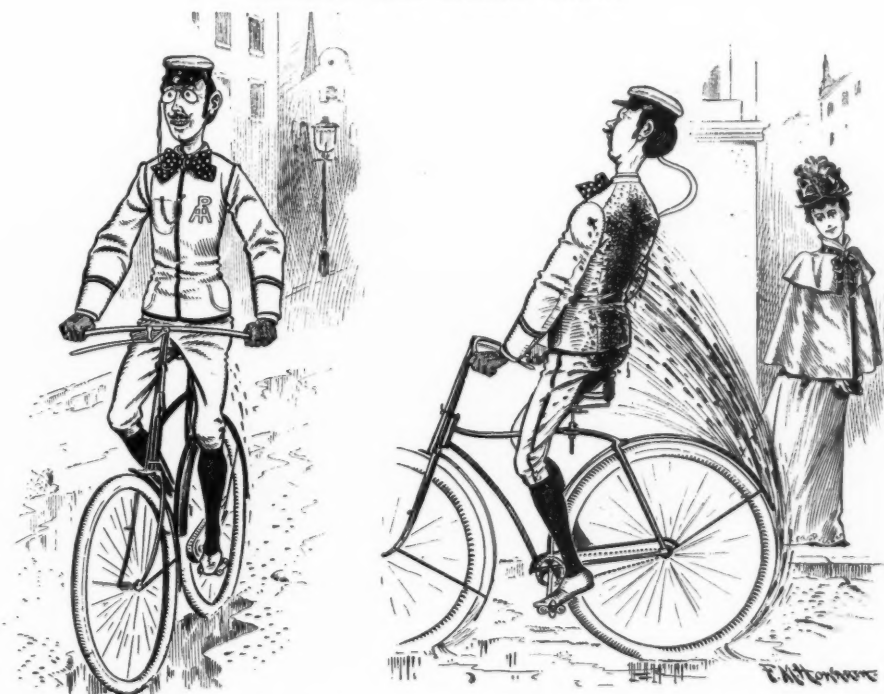
#### A NEW NAME FOR IT.

"Well," said the insurance man, as he finished reading "Romeo and Juliet," "that's another of these Preferred Mutual Accident Associations we hear about now."

#### THE REAL REASON.

Daddy would n't buy me a bow, wow;  
Daddy would n't buy me a bow, wow;  
Neither child, nor dog nor cat is allowed within our flat,  
So I can not have a bow, wow, wow!

#### DURING THE SPRING THAW.



MR. WHEELER. — Ah, here comes that Miss Sprightleigh! You can wager that I'll make an impression on her with my new natty bicycle suit on!

*(The impression would probably have been all right had it been other than a moist, muddy, Spring day.)*

#### A SHADY PAST.

RIVERS IDE. — That little chorus girl in blue is rather giddy.

JACK LEVER. — Oh, come! You should n't talk that way? What do you know about her?

RIVERS IDE. — Why, I can remember when she used to sing in a church choir!

JACK LEVER. — Oh, well, of course that settles it!

#### AGAINST IT.

"Vot you dinks ohf dhis Havaii annegsation scheme, Padrick?" asked Dinkelspiel.

"Oi 'm did agin ut," said Pat. "There 's too dommed many furreigners in th' counthry now."

"Dots vot I dinks," said Dinkelspiel.

IT IS easier to court the Muse than her publisher; but, then, she is a pretty old girl.



#### A PLACE OF SECLUSION.

PROSPEROUS-LOOKING PARTY. — You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You never see me loafing about the streets drunk.

HOMELESS HAWKINS. — No, Jedge; but I hain't got no place to go to, like you have.

#### A QUOTATION VERIFIED.

INQUISITIVE GUEST. — You get all sorts of tips, I suppose?

PHILOSOPHIC WAITER. — Yes; "All things come round to him who will but wait," you know.

#### GOAT HILL GOSSIP.

NANNY. — We must n't associate with Murphy's Billy any more.

BILLY. — Bah?

NANNY. — He is a cannibal. He ate a "Bock Beer" sign yesterday.

TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH — The Panama Pilferings.

LABOR HAS its rights, of course; but it is hardly reasonable to hate a man simply because he is rich enough to give you employment.

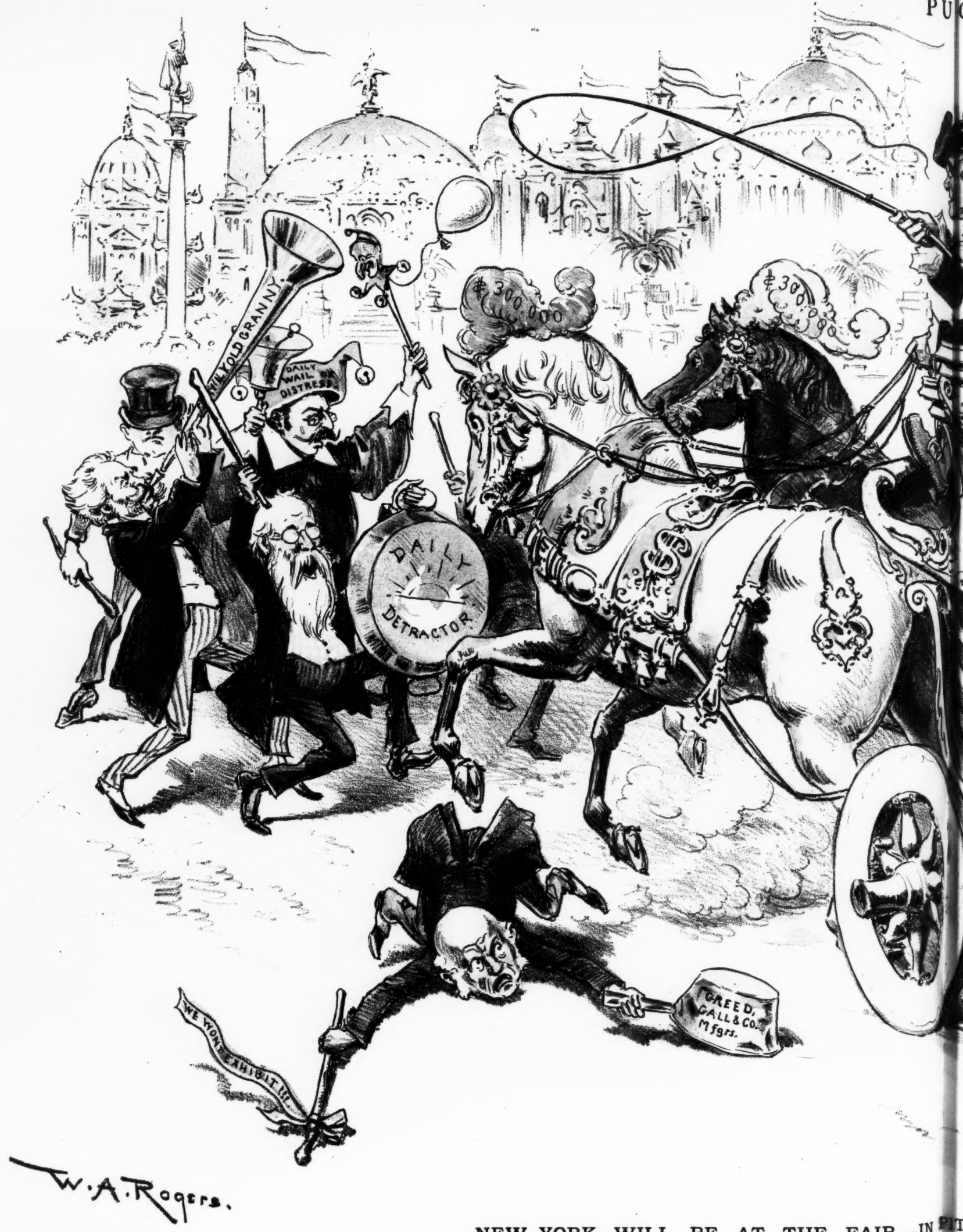
A STRIKING COINCIDENCE — That both Sides generally Claim to have Won the Strike.

RAPID TRANSIT can never be attained by each man acting as his own gas-engine.

"I WISH I was warm," said an April Violet.

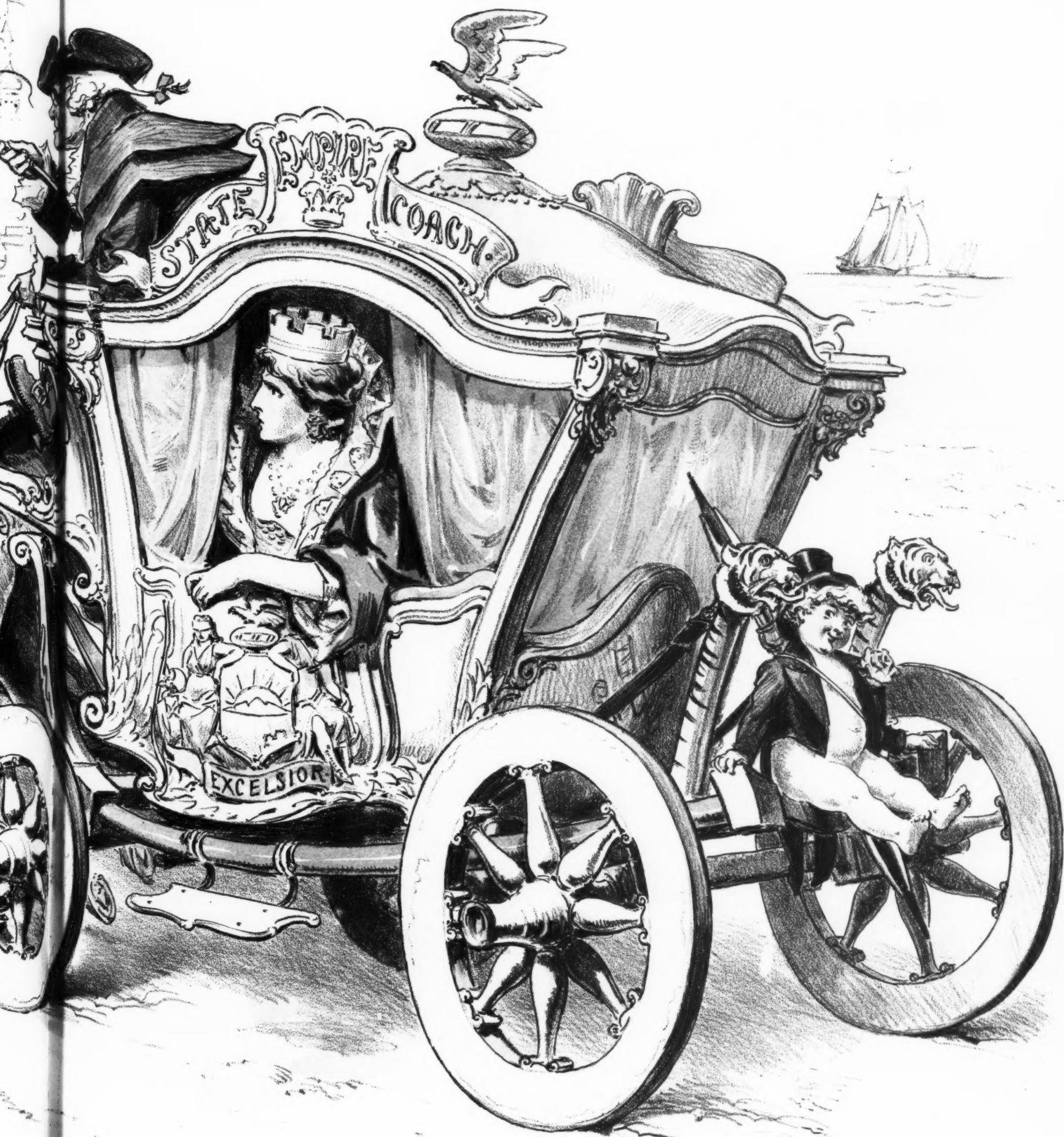
"You want the earth," growled a Thunder Cloud.

"Oh, no!" said the modest flower; "I only want the sun."



NEW YORK WILL BE AT THE FAIR—IN FIT





—IN SPITE OF MEAN AND NOISY OBSTRUCTIONS.



## A LABOR OF LOVE.

TATTERSALL.—Wot yer doin' now, Wraggesy?

WRAGGES.—Gettin' names to a petition.

TATTERSALL.—W'ot fur?

WRAGGES.—For de legislatur' ter pass a bill fur road improvement.

## JULIEN GORDON AND LAURA JEAN LIBBY.



THE SCHOOL of American fiction whose brightest light is Miss Laura Jean Libby, has scored a notable triumph in drawing within its folds no less a person than Julien Gordon, a novelist who is to the higher classes what Miss Libby has long been to the factory-girl. Her recently published story, "A First Flight," fully establishes her right thus to be exalted.

Although the story, as a whole, is distinctly inferior to Miss Libby's best work, lacking, as it does, the exquisite sensibility of "Daisy Gordon's Folly," the masterly realism of "Willful Gaynell," and the tender humanity of "Only a Mechanic's Daughter," yet its style throughout is marked by the peculiarities which have made Miss Libby the idol of salesladies, and it is unquestionably a better piece of fiction than either "Evelyn, the Pretty Factory-girl; or, Married at the Loom," or "Estelle's Millionaire Lover; or, The Prettiest Typewriter in New York."

In comparison with Miss Libby, Julien Gordon suffers cruelly from an inordinate fondness for epigram—that baneful habit which has laid waste so many bright minds; as witness these bits culled from "A First Flight:"

"The first steps of life are made easy for the young."

"It is difficult to be well-off when one has nine children."

"We view with peculiar solemnity that which has not happened to us."

"Who shall deny the wholesomeness of fear? Fear moves the world, and it is well."

"He angled for trout; she for men. The difference, after all, is insignificant. Both fish are easy to kill when one has time."

These scintillations assail us with all the crushing, dazzling, convincing force of the multiplication table, but the author should beware of them. They impart a mixed-ale bearing to a narrative never too certain of continuity.

But this is a minor flaw. Julien Gordon has caught the key-note of Miss Libby's style and methods. There is the wealthy but unattractive girl who is priggish; and the beautiful, fascinating girl (her cousin, of course,) who is poor, but, oh! so roguish and defiant. Well, of course, you know the rest of it; how the eligible party comes along, is angled for by the proud beauty and captured by the poor cousin, after a number of scenes, containing the true Libby ring, in which the priggish rich cousin tries to triumph over the beautiful poor cousin. The story being Julien Gordon's, the man is, of course, an Earl. In Libby stories he is the son of a factory owner.

There is a charming description of the Earl's proposal, the girl, at the time, being engaged to another gent:

"But Muriel was silent. Her dark blue eyes had a sombre, strange expression in their depths, and her laughing mouth was almost stern. . . . 'Promise me you will not think ill of me whatever happens.' . . . 'How can I think ill of you?' . . . 'I shall never marry Willie Truden; I'm going to run away.' . . . 'Where shall you go?' . . . 'I know not; probably to San Francisco, or perhaps to Greece; I may try to get a place as governess, or typewriter or something, or else I shall go on the stage.' . . . 'I adore you.' . . .

'I worship you.' . . . 'Then Willie Truden can go to the devil.' . . . 'As fast as ever he chooses.' . . . The lover can not stop the waves of life, and a moment later their young lips had met and clung."

I hereby defy Miss Libby to surpass the foregoing.

There are many charming touches of realism in this story:

"Now, you must tell the cousins our news," said Mr. Hatch, dismissing Senancourt and Byron in a trice, as men of the world alone know how to do."

"A hole in the white-washed fence could readily admit them into a small poultry yard which adjoined the pig-sty, whose odors suggested that it had languished uncared for through a hot season."

"She lingered for a moment to say good-by to a long-necked, faded dude, who was flitting before her in a vain search for his fur-lined coat and silk neck-scarf, which some other gentleman had carried off, leaving in their stead a pair of galoshes and a torn handkerchief."

This last is valuable, not alone for its word-painting, but for the glimpse it gives us of the unsuspected vicissitudes incident to contact with the smart set in New York.

Near the close of the story there occurs a Libbyesque description of an interview with an editor in the private office of a large publishing house, which will be recognized as graphic and truthful by the many thousands who are unfamiliar with such scenes.

Throughout the story there is the same stern adherence to the true and pure ideals of art which Miss "McGUFFY'S FIRST READER." Libby has created. True, the effort of imitation is at times painfully apparent, and never wholly obscured; but it will doubtless be less glaring in future work.

While Julien Gordon in "A First Flight" bids fair to rival Miss Libby in all points that have made this brand of fiction interesting, such rivalry will ever be free from jealousy. Though their methods and characters seem to be identical in all essentials, their spheres are far apart.

And so, with abject apologies to both ladies, I beg to assure Julien Gordon that she is the Laura Jean Libby of "high-life;" and to assure Miss Libby that she is the Julien Gordon of the factory girl.

H. L. Wilson.



## NO CAUSE FOR TEARS.

KIND OLD GENTLEMAN.—What are you crying for, little boy?

THE LITTLE BOY.—Oh my!—the parrot got out of the cage and—and—I'll catch it when—I—I—get—h—h—home. Boo! hoo! hoo!

KIND OLD GENTLEMAN (*in disgust*).—Catch it when you get home! Well, why don't you go home and catch it? What are you standing, bellowing here for?



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As every good housewife knows, the difference between appetizing, delicious cooking and the opposite kind is largely in delicate sauces and palatable gravies. Now, these require a strong, delicately flavored stock, and the best stock is

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GEORGE.— Mabel and Jack's marriage seems an ideal one — such a perfect union of hearts!

THE GIRLS.— Yes; he adores Mabel, and so does she.— *Truth.*

CLARA.— I understand that Miss Oldboy considers her face her fortune.

CORA.— Well, she certainly can not be called a parvenu, then! — *Yonkers Statesman.*

WHEN a man dies, you find out what his middle name is.— *Atchison Globe.*

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It is strong,  
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## Wurlitzer Guitars:

POLISHED ANTIQUE OAK .....\$10.00  
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Each guitar is standard size, has nickel-plated patent heads and tail piece, pearl position dots, Orange polished sound boards, fancy wood inlaid sound hole, hard wood polished neck, rosewood finger board. The Rosewood guitar has an inlaid edge, also.

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With each guitar is supplied a leather bound, fleece-lined, end-opening canvas case.

Either of above guitars will be sent to any express office, C. O. D., with privilege of examination.

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"BABY RUTH," made of pure silk, rich in colors, oriental in design, with beautiful Ruth arrayed in all the splendor of her national costume. Worn by the leading delegates at the Chicago Convention, and producing the wildest sensation at the Cleveland Inauguration. Price, 15 cents.

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Free Illustrated Catalogue to any address.  
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(From an old Portfolio of Caricatures.)

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This celebrated antiseptic and healing shaving soap has been in use for over half a Century — and is found in nearly all of the good BARBER SHOPS in the world.

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Whoever wants soft hands, smooth hands, white hands, or a clear complexion, he and she can have both; that is, if the skin is naturally transparent, unless occupation prevents.

The color you want to avoid comes probably neither of nature or work, but of habit.

Either you do not wash effectually, or you wash too effectually; you do not get the skin open and clean, or you hurt it.

Remedy.—Use Pears' Soap, no matter how much; but a little is enough if you use it often.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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(Going to Business).—The condition of these New York streets is simply a disgrace to civilization—the people ought to get up a mass-meeting, and protest!

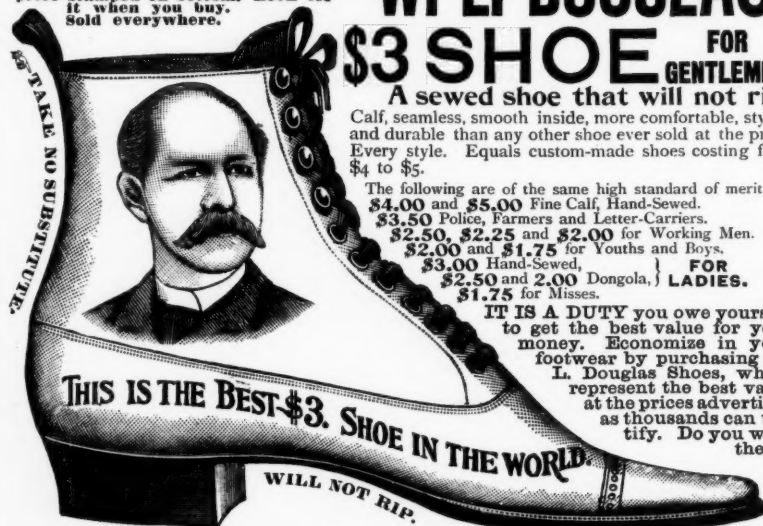
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IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value at the prices advertised as thousands can testify. Do you wear them?



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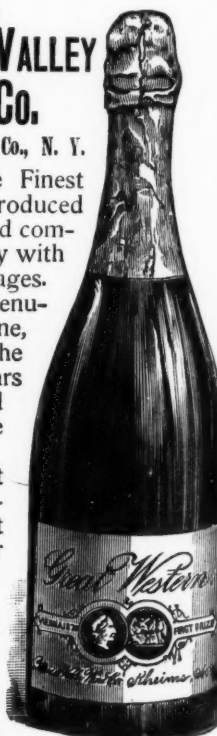
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This is the direct line to Niagara Falls by way of the historic Hudson River and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley.

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See it.

All jewelers sell it.  
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Perique, Genuine Imported  
Turkish, Extra Bright Plug  
Cut, Extra Bright Long Cut,  
and Marburg Bros.' Cele-  
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CAUTION—See that the name BEEMAN is on each wrapper.  
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Send \$1.25, \$2.50, or \$5.00 for  
a superb box of candy by ex-  
press, prepaid, east of Denver  
or west of New York. Suitable  
for presents. Sample orders  
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Nervous headaches promptly cured by  
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these, as handsome as solid gold  
and cost only a third as much.  
Take no substitute.

Look out for our  
trade mark

*Fahys* 14K  
MONARCH

# Fahys



A PREVALENT INCONSISTENCY.—II.

(Coming Home from Business).—Ah, this brisk walk from the station  
is simply magnificent—gives a fellow such a splendid appetite for dinner!

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THAN IS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD

## The Club Cocktails

MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKY,  
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WE guarantee these Cocktails to be made of  
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Ask your dealer for it, or I will send you sample at following  
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No. 5x holds \$4.00 in silver	\$0.30	\$0.50	\$0.75
" 4x " " " "	6.00	40	75
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strange as it may seem, is caused  
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## Scott's Emulsion

appears at this point—it is partly  
digested fat—and the most  
weakened digestion is quickly  
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*The only possible help  
in Consumption is the  
arrest of waste and re-  
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Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

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## Kodaks.

What's Worth seeing is worth remem-  
bering. There will be so much worth  
seeing and remembering at the  
World's Fair that you'll forget the  
best part of it. But you can preserve  
each scene if you'll "press the button."

The Kodak is the World's Fair camera.  
As neither plates nor films will be sold  
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with him. This the Kodaker can  
easily do. His roll of film capable of  
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Take a Kodak with you.

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For Brain-Workers & Sedi-  
tary People: Gentlemen, Ladies,  
Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A com-  
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KALAMAZOO METHOD.—The only system giving  
the real test of skill—Indorsed by The American Whist  
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Price-List.

INGLING BROS. & EVERARD, Kalamazoo, Mich.

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FOR THE  
SCALP, SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

The result of 20 years' practical experience in treating the Skin and Scalp, a medicinal toilet soap for bathing and beautifying. Prepared by a dermatologist. Sold by druggists, grocers and dry goods dealers, or sent by mail, 3 cakes for \$1.00.

WOODBURY'S  
ANTISEPTIC SHAVING STICKS AND BARS.

Impossible to contract a skin disease when used. Insist on your barber using it when shaving you.  
Sticks, 25c.; Barbers' Bars, 15c., 2 for 25c.



A sample cake of Facial Soap and a 150 page book on Dermatology and Beauty, illustrated: on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 10 cents; also disfigurements, like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pimples, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, Facial Development, Changing the Features, Shaping the Ears, Nose, etc.

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CONSULTATION FREE AT OFFICE OR BY LETTER.



If You Want  
Good Tailoring  
Go Where They  
Know How to  
Make It.

*Nicoll's*  
The Tailor

Knows How!

His Ideas are original  
— His workmanship  
in good taste — His  
stock the most com-  
prehensive.

Suits to measure from \$20.00.

Trousers from \$5.00.

Samples mailed.

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## "WORTH A GUINEA A BOX" BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Tasteless—Effectual.)  
For Sick-Headache,  
Impaired Digestion,  
Liver Disorders and  
Female Ailments.

Renowned all over the World.  
Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating.

Ask for Beecham's and take no others.  
Made at St. Helens, England.  
Druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents a  
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**SYLPH CYCLES RUN EASY**  
All riders say. Our spring frame with pneumatic tires saves muscle and nerves and is luxury indeed. You want the best. Investigate. We also make a 30 pound rigid frame Sylph. Cata. free.  
House-Duryea Cycle Co., Mfrs. 63 G St., Peoria, Ill.

It would be appropriate for a waitress to wear a fetching costume.—*Exchange.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINNLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

BASE-BALL is one business that can't flourish without strikes.—*Inter Ocean.*

Sold by  
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Requires no  
boiling.

Sample mailed on receipt of postage, 2 cents.

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### A QUESTION.

JOHNNY SMITHERS.—Pa, is Generals brave men?  
SMITHERS.—Yes, my son; as a rule.  
JOHNNY.—Then why does artists always make pictures of 'em standing on a hill three miles away, lookin' at the battle through an opera-glass?



Buy 5000 dozen of these  
half-hose every Spring  
and Summer from us.

It is made near Chemnitz, Germany, by the best stocking maker in the world, from the longest fibered cotton obtainable, giving it great elasticity, and splendid wearing qualities. The gauge is so fine it resembles silk. The colors are modes, tans and greys, also in perfect fast black.

You can pay 50 cents and  
get not as good.

We sell them at 25 cents a pair, or \$2.75 a dozen pairs.  
When ordering include 2 cents for postage a single pair, 10 cents for 1/2 doz. pairs, and 18 cents for one doz. pairs.  
We issue a Shopping List about March 1st:  
it's unique and yours for the asking.

ADDRESS, SCHLESINGER & MAYER,  
CHICAGO.

## MARRY YOUR TROUSERS

TO THE  
**CENTURY-BRACE**

and they will be comfortably supported  
as long as they live. The ceremony  
will be performed for 50 cents or more  
by any first-class furnisher.

CHESTER SUSPENDER CO.,  
4 Decatur Ave., Roxbury, Mass.



Exact Size.

Perfecto.

Down-town Depot:  
SURBRUG, 159 Fulton St., N. Y.

## HOTEL BRUNSWICK.

EQUAL TO ANY IMPORTED CIGAR. We prefer you should buy of your dealer; if he does not keep them, send \$1.00 for sample box of 10, by mail, to JACOB STAHL, JR. & CO., 168th Street and 3d Avenue, N. Y. City.

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At Breakfast—a Strengthening.  
At Luncheon—a Comfort.  
At Dinner—a Necessity.



Rex Brand  
Cudahy's  
Extract  
OF BEEF

is always relished. It is the preserved nutriment of pure, lean beef—health-giving and delicious. Makes the most appetizing Soups, Gravies, Beef Tea, Etc.

Your grocer sells It—They all do.

Send 6c in stamps for postage on sample package, mailed free.

Manufactured by

THE CUDAHY PACKING CO.,  
SOUTH OMAHA, NEB.

The F. & M.

## Schaefer Brewing Co.'s Bock Beer

On Draught  
at all  
Customers.

Bottled at the Brewery  
for Family, Hotel and  
Export Trade.



Pickings from Puck, 25 Cts.

## SIX LITTLE TAILORS CLAY'S DIAGONAL COATS AND VESTS

(to order).

\$12, \$15,  
\$18.

These goods  
are made out of  
pure BOTANY  
wool, soft finished  
and won't  
gloss. We have  
received a  
large shipment  
of this material  
THE LATEST  
NOVELTIES  
FOR SPRING

OVERCOATS  
(to order).

\$18

Silk or Satin Lined.  
London stripes and  
checks for trousers  
in large varieties, to  
order, \$5.00 and up-  
wards. You will save  
money by leaving  
your order with this  
firm.

Samples and Self-Measurement sent on application.  
Cloth sold by the yard, all shrunk and ready for use.

**JACOBS BROTHERS,**  
Bowery, cor. Broome St., } NEW YORK.  
229 Broadway, opp. P. O., }



**Sunol**

**LIFE without Cycling**

There's a lack of zest about the life of a non-cyclist. Carlyle would call it "Dryasdust." The would-be healthy man of the 19th century needs cycling — on a "Sunol." Cycling sweetens life. Cycling on a "Sunol" makes you pleased with all the world. Everybody will tell you that "the Sunol leads." Send for a catalogue before you buy.

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HARDWARE & BICYCLES, CLEVELAND, O.  
Bigelow & Downe, Boston, Mass., Sole Agents New England.

**Sunol**

**GARMENTS—THAT FIT. THAT WEAR WELL.**  
**JOHN M. KEELER,**  
Producer of the Renowned  
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Send address and receive by return mail samples of Nobby woollens for men's wear. Rules for self-measurement, fashion plates, and everything you need to secure a perfectly fitting custom-made suit. Together with a souvenir calendar blotter. It is no longer necessary to wear shop-worn garments of ready-made stores or suffer extortions of local Tailors. Baltimore Cheapest Mark—KEELER Largest Custom Producer. Correspondence solicited from responsible parties desiring to act as agents. (Mention this Publication.)  
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**NEW SPRING DRESS FABRICS.**  
Glacé and Jacquard Figures, Figured and Glacé, Epinglées, Silk and Wool Mixtures, Fancy Plaid Materials.  
**SERGES, CAMEL'S HAIR, DIAGONALS,**  
New and Stylish Colorings,  
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Embroidered Robes.  
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Business Furniture, Filing Cabinets, Office Desks, Best in the World.  
Illustrated Catalogue, 80 pages, Free.  
**THE GLOBE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, O.**

**La Flor De Vallens & Co.**  
**Incomparable Clear Havana Cigars.**

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BEST  
THAT



MONEY  
CAN  
BUY.

If your dealer does not sell this brand, we will send you a box, charges prepaid, containing 13 Cigars for \$1.25, \$1.50 and upward to \$6.00. These Cigars range in Price from 10c. to 50c. each.  
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**HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,**  
**PAPER WAREHOUSE.**

No. 31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St., NEW YORK.  
BRANCH, N. E. cor. William & Spruce Sts., NEW YORK.

**CARL UPMANN'S**  
**BOUQUET CIGAR**



**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**  
America's Favorite TEN-CENT CIGAR.  
For Sale by first-class Dealers Everywhere. 738  
Factory, 406 and 408 East 59th St., N. Y.

**COMPLEXION POWDER**  
Is an absolute necessity of refined toilet in this climate. Pozzoni's combines every element of beauty and purity.

**THE BARKEEPER'S FRIEND POLISH**  
at Druggists, 25c. a pound; 5 for \$1. Powdered form.  
GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Mfr.,  
295 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

**A STRONG BID.**

MRS. STRONGMIND.—Why don't you go to work?

TRAMP.—Please, mum, I made a solemn vow, twenty years ago, that I'd never do another stroke of work till women was paid th' same wages as men.—  
*New York Weekly.*

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**INDUCEMENTS**  
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THE BEST SCOTCH TWEEDS AND CHEVIOTS IN 100 DIFFERENT MIXTURES AND COLORINGS.

SUIT TO ORDER,  
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A SPECIAL LINE OF EXTRA FINE SOFT FINISHED CLAY DIAGONALS IN SEVERAL STYLES.

COAT AND VEST TO MEASURE,  
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MADE FROM MELTONS, KERSEYS, AND CHEVIOTS SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR THE FINE TAILORING TRADE.

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OF  
**GLOBE AND BLACKINGTON STRIPE**  
**WORSTEDS FOR TROUSERS,**  
TO ORDER,  
**\$5.00.**

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BROADWAY AND 9TH ST., } NEW YORK.  
BOWERY AND SPRING ST., }



**A PECULIAR SAMPLE.**

PROPRIETOR BAKING POWDER FACTORY.—Well, how are you getting along?  
HIS CHEMIST.—I made up a hundred pounds Monday, one hundred and ten pounds Tuesday, and for the last three days I have been at work trying to perfect this sample ounce we are going to send to the State chemist for public analysis.

**You Ought To**  
**Wear Garters**

There is only one satisfactory garter, binding not, wearing well, ever comfortable, holding the stocking, preventing slack of drawers. Worn by gentlemen everywhere. It is the

**BOSTON GARTER,**

Made by George Frost Co., Boston. Sold by men's outfitters everywhere.

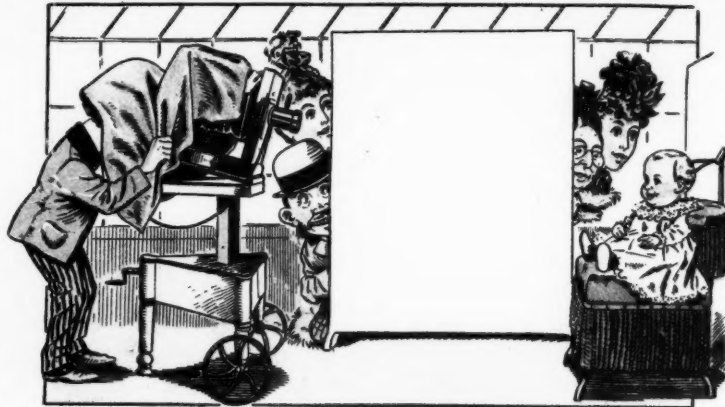


**EDEN MUSÉE.** New Wax Groups, AFTERNOON AND EVENING.  
Grand Concerts by Danko Gabor's Band.  
MATINEE from 2 to 5. EVENING PERFORMANCES from 8 to 11.  
**LOTTI MORTIMER,** Serpentine Dance.  
**MASTER WALTER LEON,** The Wonderful Orator, 6 Years Old.  
**ANDO and OMNE,** GUBAL and GREVILLE.  
**THE FOUR BARRISON SISTERS.**  
**THE ROGER SISTERS.**  
Matinees, Monday, Wednesday, Saturday.  
Admission . . . . . 50 Cents.

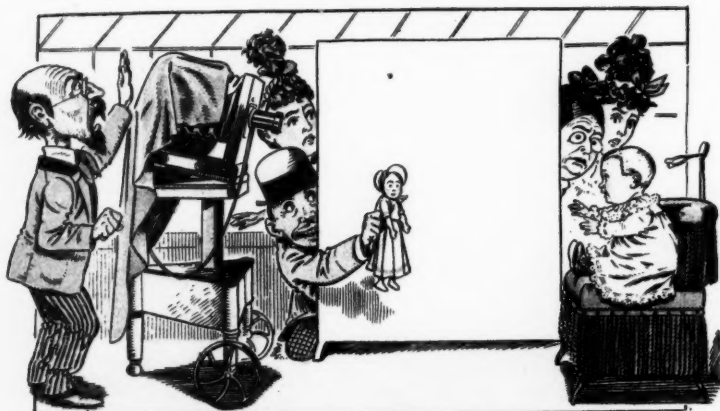
**BETTON'S PILE SALVE.**  
An old reliable and ever-helpful home treatment for piles, no matter how severe the case. It is as gentle as water, as soothing as balm, and quickly banishes the pain and torture of this distressing ailment. Betton's Pile Salve will cure piles of any type. A record of 50 years' success. At Drug gists, or send 50 cents with name and address. Free by mail.  
**WINKELMANN & BROWN DRUG CO.,**  
BALTIMORE, Md. 639  
Pickings from Puck, 25 Cts.



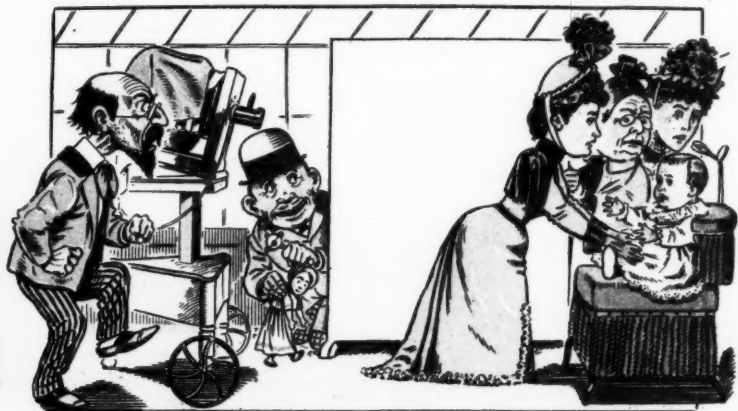
Mama, Papa, and Grandmama and darling Aunt Suke  
Brought Baby down one pleasant day "to have um's pitser took."



Professor Hypo posed him well upon a chair befringed;  
And Baby sat quite still and smiled, though clamps his brain impeding.



"All ready, now — what's that? Great Scott!" the startled Artist cries,  
As Baby with a shout of glee his favorite doll spies,



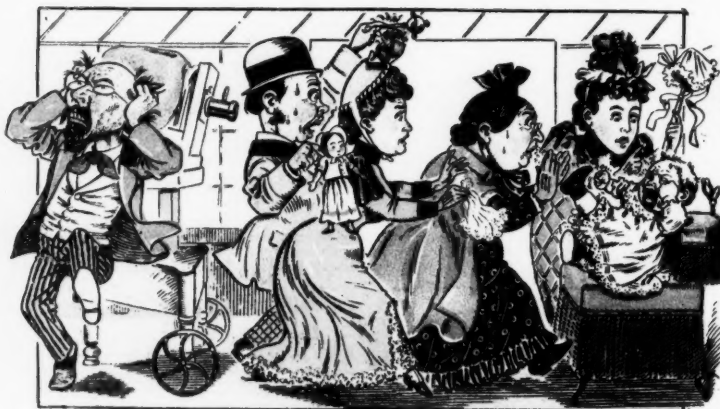
Which Daddy, who's an idiot, holds up "to keep him pleased,"  
But now, unless he gets that doll, he will not be appeased.



When Mommy fails to quiet him, Aunt Suke must have a try,—  
But Baby "'ants my dolly!" and the Artist wants to die;



For well he knows that Grandmama will only make things worse,  
And like the villain in the play, he breathes a muttered curse;



For now he knows they're going to prance about and act like wild,  
With similar effects upon the artist and the child.



"It's plain," Mama exclaims at last; "this person does not care  
For children. We shall not return." Yells Hypo: "Just you dare!"